

Should I try death by dussions: I am inop't,
 Food tooke I none these two daies.
 Sipt some water. I have not closd mine eyes
 Save when my lids scowrd off their bine, alas
 Dissolue my life, Let not my sence unt'le
 Least I should drowne, or stab, or hang my selfe,
 O state of Nature, faile together in me,
 Since thy best props are warpt: So which way now?
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:
 Each errant step beside is torment. Loe
 The Moone is down, the Cryckets chirpe, the Schreichowle
 Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
 Save what I faile in: But the point is this
 An end, and that is all.

Exit.

Scena 3. Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be neere the place, ho. Gosen Palamon.
 Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite.

Arc. The same: I have brought you foode and files,
 Come forth and feare not, her'es no *Thesens*.

Pal. Nor none so honest Arcite.

Arc. That's no matter,

Wee'l argue that he easter: Come take courage,
 You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drinke
 I know you are faint, then le take further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poyson me.

Arc. I might.

But I must feare you first: Sit downe, and good now
 No more of these vaine parlies; let us not
 Having our ancient reputation with us
 Make taike for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray sit downe then, and let me entreate you
 By all the honesty and honour in you,
 No mention of this woman, e' will disturbe us,
 We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, Ile pledge you. (blood man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good
 Doe

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay, Ile tell you after a d

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke h

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I am glad you have so g

Pal. I am gladder I have so go

Arc. Is't not mad lodging, here

Pal. Yes, for then that have w

Arc. How tastes your vittails? yo

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart: swe

Arc. Venison.

Pal. Tis a lusty meate:

Giue me more wine; here Arcite

We have known in our daies. The

Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-haird n

Arc. She did so; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard some o

Arc. Out with't faith,

Pal. She met him in an Arbor

What did she there Cuz? play o't

Arc. Something she did Sir.

Pal. Made her groane a mo

Arc. The Marshals Sister,

Had her share too, as I remember

Else there be tales abroad, you

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wench

When yong men went a hunting

And a broade Beech: and ther

Pal. For Emily, upon my life;

Away with this straind mirth; I

That sigh was breathd for Emily

Dar'st thou breake first?

Arc. you are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth, th